☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

JONES IS DEAD.

I sat in my window, high overhead,
And heard them say, below in the street:
"I suppose you know that old Jones is dead?"
Then the speakers passed, and I heard their feet
Heedlessly walking their onward way—
"Dead!" what more could there be to say?

But I sat and pondered what it might mean
Thus to be dead while the world went by—
Did Jones see farther than we had seen?
Was he one with the stars in the watching sky,
Or down there under the growing grass
Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?

Were day-time and night-time as one to him now,
And grieving and hoping a tale that is told?
A kiss on his lips, or a hand on his brow,
Could he feel *them* under the churchyard mold,
As he surely had felt them his whole life long,
Though they passed with his youth-time, hot and strong?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he died—
"Old Jones" he had been for many a year—
Yet his faithful memory Time defied,
And dwelt in the days so distant and dear
When first he had found that love was sweet,
And recked not the speed of its hurrying feet.

Does he brood in the long night under the sod
On the joys and sorrows he used to know—
Or far in some wonderful world of God
Where the shining seraphs stand, row on row,
Does he wake like a child at the daylight's gleam,
And know that the past was a night's short dream?

Is he dead, and a clod there down below—
Or dead, and wiser than any alive—
Which? Ah, who of us all may know,
Or who can say how the dead folk thrive?
But the summer morning is cool and sweet,
And I hear the live folk laugh in the street.
—*Louise Chandler, Moulton in Congregationalist.*

BUYING A HORSE.

The Trials and Failures of Two Unprotected Females.

Scarcely twenty-four hours had elapsed since Corona's intention to add a horse to her domestic circle had been mentioned aloud, before she found herself in the heart of a new world. It might be succinctly called the horse world. The delights of the fireside, the enticements of the June sky, the fascination of the ocean, the delicate shift and play of summer life, receded from her consciousness like plates in a magic lantern. Her brain cells became stenciled with the language and literature of the turf. Anxious to proceed upon her rash venture with some degree of intelligence, she had made herself the possessor of a book called "The Horse and his Habits." When anybody called, as somebody did at the rate of six or seven a day, with a horse to sell, she consulted this useful volume. She received the impression that a horse was the most delicate creature, and subject to the richest stock of bodily infirmities of any specimen of organized life known to our present civilization. An infant or a woman was nothing to it. Beyond this one idea, which rapidly assumed the dangerous proportions of the "fixed" in Corona's mental life at this period, it can not be said that she brought away much available knowledge from "The Horse and his Habits." She perused the book sturdily. Tom did not come. Of course Tom did not come—he was in Idaho; it was something about bearskins—so she clung to the intelligent volume bravely, as the sole defence between herself and the delicate sense of honor well known to belong to the jockey, considered as a class. Who has ever solved the riddle? What is there about horses which should be so injurious to the human conscience? Why should a horse make a man a commercial rascal, rather than glue, or cracked wheat, or dry goods, or soap?

One horse in particular pleased Corona very much. The owner had come every day with it, and stayed. He had stayed very much. He had fastened his horse to the clothes post, beginning on Monday when the lines were up, and outstayed all the other bids. Corona, with feminine respect for the pertinacious in pursuit, admired the perseverance of this man and hated to hurt his feelings by refusing to take his horse.

Her friend Mary had come over to stay a few days in order to help Corona through this trying period. The two ladies drove together from morning to night, experimenting with the different applicants, in the lazy, delightful country fashion that makes horse-hunting as a high art a pleasure unknown to towns. Through murmuring lanes, where the bees fastidiously tasted the barberry blossoms, over the brilliant beaches, and deep into the scented woods, Mary and Corona rode and rode. They rode the old horses, young horses, sound horses, sick horses, horses that went and horses that wouldn't go, and horses that went more than was expected of them; horses that ran away with them and horses that sat down with them; horses that limped, horses that stumbled, horses that coughed, horses that took the bits between their teeth and horses that wouldn't go up hill without a lump of sugar. There was one, but only one, who kicked the dasher down when he met the first summer boarder, in an imported shade hat, constructed in the form of a meeting-house and ornamented with muslin sunflowers.

For some reason sufficient to the reader of "The Horse and his Habits," none of these animals seemed suitable for the needs of her family, and she returned with a weakening heart to the horse tied to the clothes post since Monday morning. His owner was quite sure that he would fill the bill.

"The bill?" asked Corona. "Fill what bill? We haven't come to the bill yet."

"Pardon, mum," said the man, reddening a little.

Corona looked at him vaguely. She was still deficient in "horse talk." She explained that she wanted a good family horse.

She was assured that this was a perfect specimen of that kind of thing.

Sound!

Sound as sense! Hadn't an out about him.

Corona did not know what an out was. She thought it might be some new kind of disease. So she consulted "The Horse and his Habits" before replying.

"It isn't in my book," she whispered to Mary. "It may be one of those new aggravations developed by the epizootic. But as long as the horse hasn't got it, I don't see that it matters. Do you?"

"Why—no-no! I shouldn't think it did," said Mary conscientiously.

They went out again and re-examined the horse. He was a very handsome horse.

Was he kind?

Kind as a terrier pup.

Afraid of the cars?

Cars? He wasn't afraid of the last trumpet.

How many miles an hour?

Ten week-days, and 12½ if you wanted the doctor. Easy.

"But we never do need the doctor," objected Corona thoughtfully.

Was he easy-bitted?

You could drive him with a hairpin and a piece of sewin' silk.

His price?

Two hundred and fifty dollars.

Lowest price?

Lowest price; that was fifty dollars less'n an animal with his points would bring anywhere else. But seein' she was a lady—sort of, as you might say, unprotected, no men folks to deal with—he'd let her have it for two hundred and fifty, cash down.

"It is a good deal to get a horse that will never have the outs," observed Corona *sotto voce* to her friend. "And he is so handsome! I think I will take him—on trial."

"I've got to go to Boston to buy a Canada colt," objected the trader. "You couldn't close just as well now, could you? It would be a great convenience to me."

Corona was sorry to inconvenience him, but she thought it best to keep the horse for half a day or so before she bought him. She had no doubt she should decide to keep him. She liked the animal very much. She thanked the trader for his perseverance, and ordered the horse brought round for a drive at two o'clock. His name? she asked as an afterthought; they had found it a little difficult to distinguish among the horses. The horse-that-sat-down, for instance, was rather long; and The-long-legged-horse-with-the-gout (or whatever they called it) that-ran-over-a-wheelbarrow-and-a baby, took time. The name of this very handsome horse without an out was Pepper.

Corona and Mary took a trial trip with Pepper. He started off excellently. He was exceedingly handsome. The ladies enjoyed driving such a handsome horse. They went over by the celebrated Long Beach, where the waves came affectionately on the most solitary and silver sands of the fair coast line. The full afternoon coloring was on the water; the horizon line quivered with sails; the sky blazed like a blue mirror of the gods into which no mortal face should gaze. The two friends were not used to driving in Fairharbor, and they felt as if they had come to a new place. They were in the best of spirits, and enraptured with the handsome horse. He made good time. He was easy at the bit. He had no dangerous tricks.

"And he looks," said Corona hopefully, "as if he had a strong constitution."

"Perhaps," ventured Mary, "he has had every thing, and come safely out of it. Let us hope so."

"I think I shall buy him to-morrow, and put him in Mr. Jacob's barn, and get Zero to take care of him," proceeded Corona. "It will be a great comfort to have decided on a horse who could be driven with a skein of sewing-silk and who is not afraid of the last trumpet, and especially one who would go for the doctor in twelve miles a minute."

"Was it twelve miles a minute?" asked Mary, looking a little puzzled. "And—why, there, Corona, look there! No. Look here. What upon earth is the matter with this horse? How queerly he acts!"

"He does act a little queerly," admitted Corona.

"He doesn't seem to feel right about the leg there."

"It is true, he doesn't; he seems to jerk it a good deal," faltered Corona. "I don't know what it means, I'm sure."

"Do you think he's harnessed right?" queried Mary. They were in a lonely place, two miles from a man.

"O, yes! I know it isn't the harness. I can harness. I wouldn't take a lady to drive if I couldn't. I declare! how this horse does act! I wonder if he hasn't got the outs, after all?"

"He looks like one of those wooden jumping-jacks you put in children's Christmas stockings," observed Mary, more courageously.

"He does seem uncomfortable," assented Corona. "But I don't see that we can do any thing but drive back and ask somebody."

"Let us ask the first man we meet," suggested Mary. "He is likely to be unprejudiced."

"Very well," assented Corona again. "But if I had 'The Horse and his Habits' here—I left it at home.'

The first man they met was a letter-carrier. It is one of the salient points of Fairharbor that you meet letter-carriers in the wilderness almost anywhere, just as you meet lamp-posts in the forest; and that the Government kindly supplies them (I mean the carriers) with little open buggies to ride in. At the foot of the long sandy hills, in the beautiful width of marsh and thicket and pools of bright green water, with the sea at their backs and the city two miles away at their faces, the two ladies met the letter-carrier in his carriage, and asked him what ailed their horse.

"He seems to hitch his leg up and down in a singular manner," said Mary apologetically.

"I haven't paid for him," cried Corona hastily. "I thought I'd like to ask some stranger what he supposed ailed him."

The carrier leaned out luxuriously from the open buggy, and gave one languid look at Pepper's right hind leg.

"Hain't bought him, ye say?" with a gentle smile.

"O, no: not at all. But I had thought I should until——"

"I wouldn't if I was you," observed the carrier, driving on.

Without offering any further information the officer of Government departed, and left the ladies and Pepper to their reflection. Corona said she should drive straight to the omnibus man and ask what was the matter with the horse. She did so, as quickly as possible, Pepper meanwhile striking out obliquely and transversely at the sweet summer air in a very unpleasant and irregular manner.

"He? Oh! He's got the spring-halt," said the omnibus man. "I know him. He's had it for years."

"The string-halt?" said Corona to Mary as they walked home. "I don't seem to remember the string-halt. I don't believe it is in my book."

"You'll remember it now," said Mary.

As Corona did not purchase that handsome horse, she was fain to look about a little more. She received a letter that interested her from a person in a neighboring village, who said he had a horse for sale which he was sure would please her. It was just the horse for a lady to drive. He would be honest with her, he always meant to be honest with a lady, and tell her that there was one objection to the horse; he wasn't exactly handsome; but he had points enough to make up for that, especially as a lady's horse. In particular, he was very kind. Corona's faith in the commercial value of beauty having received a shock, she was inclined to look up the horse who owned to being not exactly handsome; so she and Mary drove to the neighboring village, known by the beautiful Indian name of Carriesquall, to see the homely horse.

He proved to be, indeed, no Adonis; but he looked, as his owner averred, kind. In fact, he did not look much but kind, if one told the truth. He was big, burly, gray and serious. He had a philosophical air, and regarded Corona with the manner of one who could teach her a few abstract truths, if he thought it worth his while.

"Well, sir," said Corona, "we have traveled fourteen miles to see your horse. Is this he?"

"This is he," was the proud reply. "There isn't a better horse in all Carriesquall for a lady's horse than that there horse. He's just as kind——"

"What's his name?" asked Corona.

"Well, we call him the Old Army. But you ken call him most any thing you choose—after you've bought him."

"Was he in the army?" cried Mary. "How interesting! Was he wounded?"

"He was left for dead," said Old Army's master, solemnly. "His master, which was a Major-General, never expected to get him home alive."

"But he did?" asked Mary, breathlessly, quite forgetting herself.

"Yes, marm. He did. That there is the very horse. And he's as kind——"

"He looks kind," observed Corona, tenderly.

"How old is he?"

Truth compels me to state that it had not, up to this moment, occurred to her that the military career of Old Army in the Civil War could have any disadvantageous connection with his age. To put it delicately, was it not one in which she herself shared? Had not she, too, lived out the war? And did it seem other than year before last since she bade Tom good-bye in the dark, on the piazza at their father's house? Handsome boy! How brave he looked, with that quiver in the lip that kissed her! And was it more than last year that she caught him to her heart again? Safe, safe, safe, thank God—and fought it through! No. She, too, had "been through the war," and to her, too, as to all others like her, it was a living, palpitating present, on which age could lay no hand. A quarter of a century since Tom's regiment had marched away? A quarter of a century since she snatched the list of "Killed, Wounded, Missing," in the blurring, shaking paper every day? A quarter of a century since——"

"He's just as kind," the master of Old Army was saying very distinctly. Corona started and begged his pardon. "And Mary, did you speak? What is the price, sir, of this kind and patriotic horse?" A price was named, but Corona did not listen, did not hear. She and Old Army regarded each other closely. She looked into the eyes of the ancient warrior. She stroked his cheek tenderly. She wanted him. But the veteran responded to her gaze with a deep and intelligent look. He knew better than that. If ever a horse tried to say to a purchaser: "Don't do it! You're very complimentary, and I appreciate it, but don't you do it!" that horse then and there essayed to do that thing.

"How much did you say?" asked Corona, coming slowly to herself, and trying to look like "The Horse and his Habits" bound in two volumes, at Old Army's master, who replied that he had said $180.

"That seems a large price for so old a horse."

"Oh! he was only ten come last March," said Old Army's master, confidently. "He ain't what you'd call old yet."

"He isn't exactly young, you know," demurred Corona, politely."

"Wall, I didn't suppose you was after a colt, for a lady's horse. There's this about a good, mature horse, you know. He's had the measles and all those juvenile diseases. You're sure he hasn't got 'em to go through again."

Mary hastily said that she thought this was a great point.

"How many miles does he make?" asked Corona, pursuing her inquiries more vigorously now, by force of reaction from that vision of a score of years ago. Smoke, blood, butchery, the arms thrown up in falling, the flag flung to the bright sky above it all—let it pass. Let come, as come it must, and pass. Through the red and awful mist how pathetically look out the eyes of these dumb things that we made soldiers of, who learned the deadly skill of war, acquired its valor, bore its tortures, earned its glory they knew not how, and died, they knew not why!

"How fast," procceded Corona, bringing herself violently back—"how fast can Old Army go, on an average?"

"Wall, he ain't a racer," reluctantly.

"I perceive that. But how much, for instance, will he make an hour? What kind of a roadster is he?"

"Wall, he don't go so very fast. But he's an excellent lady's hoss. He's just as kind——"

"I don't underrate his kindness. But what I want to know, before I purchase that horse, is, exactly how much time you can get out of him."

"If you feed him well?" hopefully.

"O, yes! If you feed him very well."

"And don't over-use him?"

"Never."

"Give him twelve quarts a day and his hay?"

"Certainly. Fourteen, if he wishes it and can work for it."

"Wall,"—slowly. "Wa-al," faintly. "He's an excellent lady's hoss. And he's as kind——. But he ain't so much on speed as some hosses is. Fact is, he won't——"

"Well? He won't——"

"Why, the fact is, he won't trot at all!"

* * * * *

"There's been a horse man here to see you," said Puelvir. "Three of him. I sent the fust one off myself."

"Why, Puelvir!"

"Well, I did. He had a sort of shiny, skitty, graham-flour-colored horse he said he was sure you'd buy. So I asked the grocer when he came, and he said the critter had the ganders. He said he'd known him ever since him and the horse were babies."

"Didn't he say the glanders, perhaps, Puelvir?"

"No'm," said Puelvir, stoutly "This horse had the ganders; I'm sure of it. So I took it upon myself to tell him it wasn't your reception day, and you couldn't see fashionable callers. So he went away. He swore at me, too."

"Swore at you, Puelvir?"

"Yes. He said I was a darned old fool. I don't know's I blame him. I hadn't got my switch on, and I think I do look a little mature mornin's. The next one, he came to the front door and sot down in the parlor, do my best. He said he'd wait for you, 'n there he sot."

He had a span he wanted you to buy. I told him you couldn't keep a span, because you hadn't only me, and I couldn't take care of two; it would interfere with the cookin'. He asked $825 for 'em. I asked him what he took you for."

"Dear me, Puelvir! You do turn them off easily."

"Well, this one took the life out of me. He sot, an' sot. I warn't agoin' to leave him alone in the parlor, so I sot too. He looked at the picters and photograph albums, 'n he said he'd heard you was quite well along in years, but he'd never had the pleasure of seein' you to make your acquaintance. I told him you was only twenty-five, and had refused more offers than any lady I knew of."

"Why, Puelvir!"

"I did. I knew the kind of feller I'd got hold of. There warn't no other way to teach him manners. He kinder mecked down after that. So by and by I told him I'd got a puddin' to make, and that you'd gone to Carriesquall to buy a horse you liked, so he'd have to excuse me. So I showed him the door, and he drove his span away, spilin' for a fight."—*From "Burglars in Paradise," by Elizabeth Stuart-Phelps.*

WOMAN'S TIME.

Estimate Which the Weaker Sex Puts Upon Its Leisure Hours.

From a well-known popular woman's rights paper comes the following: "Is a woman's time worth any thing? No, absolutely nothing—that is, if we take the estimate which women usually put upon it. If this statement seems incorrect, ask the next woman you see with a garment on which she made herself how much it cost. If she tells you ten dollars, or any other amount, ask her if that includes the cost of making, and see if she doesn't reply, 'I made it myself.' I am not now finding fault with women for making their clothes, trimming their hats, or embroidering their cloaks, although I believe a great deal of time is wasted thereby. Neither am I going to argue that men spend their time more usefully than women, for I do not believe it."

There is no use denying that while a few exceptions to a great number may appreciate this fact, the large majority seem unable to grasp the idea that a woman may not always be at liberty to entertain visitors, write letters or pay morning calls. The only valid excuse for a lack of leisure is a press of domestic duties, but other reasons, especially if they relate in any manner to literary labor, are considered an affectation.

In this truth lies a partial explanation why men's work is more frequently satisfactory than women's. The man of business breaks off a breakfast or luncheon chat with a guest to say: "This is all very pleasant, but I ought to be at the office. You will excuse me, of course." He apologizes for dilatoriness in social duties with the plea of the quantity of extra work he has had to do at his store or counting-room. Even the clergyman can claim as his right certain hours in his study. The man or woman who took offense at such a course would be justly voted deficient in perception and judgment. But look at the other side of the question for a moment.

A woman has received a liberal education, one that fits her for something higher than mere society and household occupations. She comes home from school or college full of plans for study and self-improvement, determined to give regular hours to the pursuance of those branches in which she has stood first at her examinations. She is willing to give a reasonable amount of time to society, for she has no predilection for the life of a hermit. She is desirous to learn housekeeping to relieve her mother of burdens and to take her proper place in the home. With all this there are still two or three hours per diem that she resolves to reserve for intellectual work. If the choice must be between yielding that and renouncing balls and parties, the latter must suffer. Should she persist in this course, what is the result? Her girl friends pityingly speak of her as being completely spoiled, settled down into a regular recluse. Young men shun her as a blue stocking, and when she seeks relaxation in society she is greeted by ironical compliments upon her literary powers, mock serious marvelings that she should have been coaxed from her books by such frivolity, while even by well-meaning acquaintances her pursuits are apt to be regarded with compassionate patronage.

If, however, a woman gives herself up to her home duties she is esteemed a model to her sex. Literary work is no excuse for withdrawing from society duties, but let it be known that the time thus won is devoted to doing her own cooking, sweeping or sewing, the matron is regarded with added respect.

To this general state of public opinion New England offers a strong contrast. While a knowledge of housekeeping is thought essential for all women, proficiency in a language or science is admired and commended. If the daughter of a wealthy father chooses to teach school or take pupils no adverse criticism is passed upon her course, and a girl's ability to earn money by an accomplishment is looked on as a credit, rather than a disgrace.

"I really don't know what to do with my time," said a well-to-do young married woman. "I have more leisure than I can manage to use."

Alas! that it is not possible to establish a time exchange—that the idler can not furnish her spare hours to the overworked and hurried housewife, or that there can not be at least a division of such matters as paying and receiving morning calls and writing letters!

The frequent invitations every woman receives to "run in and spend the morning with me," give a forcible suggestion of how little any one must have to do who can afford to take the golden hours of the day for social recreation. The Hindoos have a custom, when detained too long by a prosy or untimely visitor, of rising and saying, courteously: "Go, and come again." The guest never thinks of resenting the decidedly broad hint, but, receiving it in the spirit in which it is offered, makes his adieu. While the introduction of this habit into America may not be altogether practicable, it would be well if the plea of pressing occupation could be accepted by one woman from another in the same manner that similar excuses are exchanged between business men.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—There were twenty-seven bridal couples at one Washington hotel a few days ago.